

Money Saved Is Money Earned.  
 Wife—You must take me to the opera  
 to-morrow night. You can hardly

scaree and I all that. Everybody else goes, and I'm going—so there!

Husband (in smart suit)—Of course, my dear, I have to go. I've got down to the street to-day—the most extraordinarily beautiful creature Heaven ever made. Such eyes! Such hair! Such perfect features! I wouldn't miss the opera for the world! Money is very scarce, though.

Wife (if a wife is scarce, why didn't you say so before?)—Some mind the opera. We'll go to the old ladies' dime social tonight.—N. Y. Weekly.

**A Fatal Objection.**

Manager.—Is there anything in your play to which the fastidious could take exception? Anything that would be

likely to give offense to a church member, say, or that would call a blush to the cheek of a dramatic critic?

nothing, I assure you. There isn't a line in it that I would not have my grandmothers read! not a word or phrase that is suggestive."

Manager (decidedly)—Then I don't want it.—N. Y. Press.

**A Presuming Creature.**

Gus De Smith—(At the hall the other night you only danced once with Miss Esmeralda Longfellow.

Johnnie Masher—I can't afford to encourage that girl. What do you think I smell of whenever she is around?

"Onions."

"Worse than that. I smell orange blossoms. She means business, hence I must discourage her. She is not able to support her husband. How presuming of girls are getting to be now-a-days."—Texas Siftings.

**Should His Reach.**

Lady—For shame, that the young man should brook in the car! You'll you speak to him, sir?

Solemn Gent—It would be useless, ma'am.

"And why, pray?"

"His knee,"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dealer. \_\_\_\_\_  
Faster Than the Wind,  
Little Son—The iceboat we made

Proud mother—That is wonderful.  
But, now I think of it, I didn't notice  
any want to-day when I was out.  
Little Sam—No'n, there wasn't any.  
We pushed the boat—Good News.  
A Pleasant Prospect.  
Mrs. Waypup—Rev. Dr. Orthodox  
says that he believes all people in the  
hereafter will continue the work they  
began on earth.  
Mrs. Highgump—That's just lovely!  
Then there will be dry goods stores to  
go shopping in.—N. Y. Weekly.  
He Was Equal to the Occasion.  
What hours of happiness I spent  
That day behind the specky spa,  
When joyfully I sleighted  
My dear Ann.  
The love-light sparkled in her eye.  
Her cheeks glowed with crimson tinge;  
I took the reins from her and I—  
I took the bit.  
—N. Y. Press.  
The Argument Becomes Personal.  
Tommy—Huh! You needn't feel so  
stuck up. Your daddy used to drive a  
milk wagon.  
Sammy—I know it. I've heard him  
say your daddy's been owing him a milk  
bill of four dollars for over'n a million  
years.—Chicago Tribune.  
How the Göt a New One.  
The Wife—I've quit asking people if  
my bonnet is on straight.  
The Husband—Why, my dear?  
The Wife—I love you too much

body's attention to an old bonnet like this. (Groans.)

**Puzzled to Know.**  
Old Gentleman (in horse carriage)—Madam, you are on my foot.  
Madam—Excuse me, if you were gentleman enough to give a lady a seat there would not be no trouble.  
Old Gentleman—But where is the lady?—Life.

**A Sane Insult.**  
"Farker is a slave to reason."  
"How does he show it?"  
"Why, he set out this morning last night trying to find a good reason for ta' in off one shoe before he removed the other."—Harper's Bazar.

**The Usual Difficulty.**  
"How are you getting along learning to write shorthand?"  
"First-rate. I can take down a speech now without a fault. All I have to learn now is to read my notes."—Chicago Tribune.

**THOSE NEEDLESS QUESTIONS.**

What is Uncle Silas taking

"He's going to take little Tommy on his knee."  
"To spank him?"  
"Oh, no; of course not. To tell him funny stories."—Harper's Weekly.

**Hard Times.**  
Mrs. Cumso—Don't forget to invite Dr. Killum to our reception. You know he's an old friend.  
Mr. Cumso—My dear, we cannot possibly afford it. He charges ten dollars a visit.—Hullo.

**Troublesome Children.**  
Aunt—What a lot of pretty dolls you have.  
Little Niece—Yes'm, they is re'ally pretty, but I have so much trouble

zem. Sometimes I think they must  
all boys.—Good News.

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**An Exception.**

Henderson—You are mistaken. doctor points with pride to one of funerals.—Truth.

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Would Have the Fun Alone  
His Mother—Tommy, I  
with little Willie Wally  
put you to bed for